

OFF THE WALL

NEWS & VIEWS

VOL. 2

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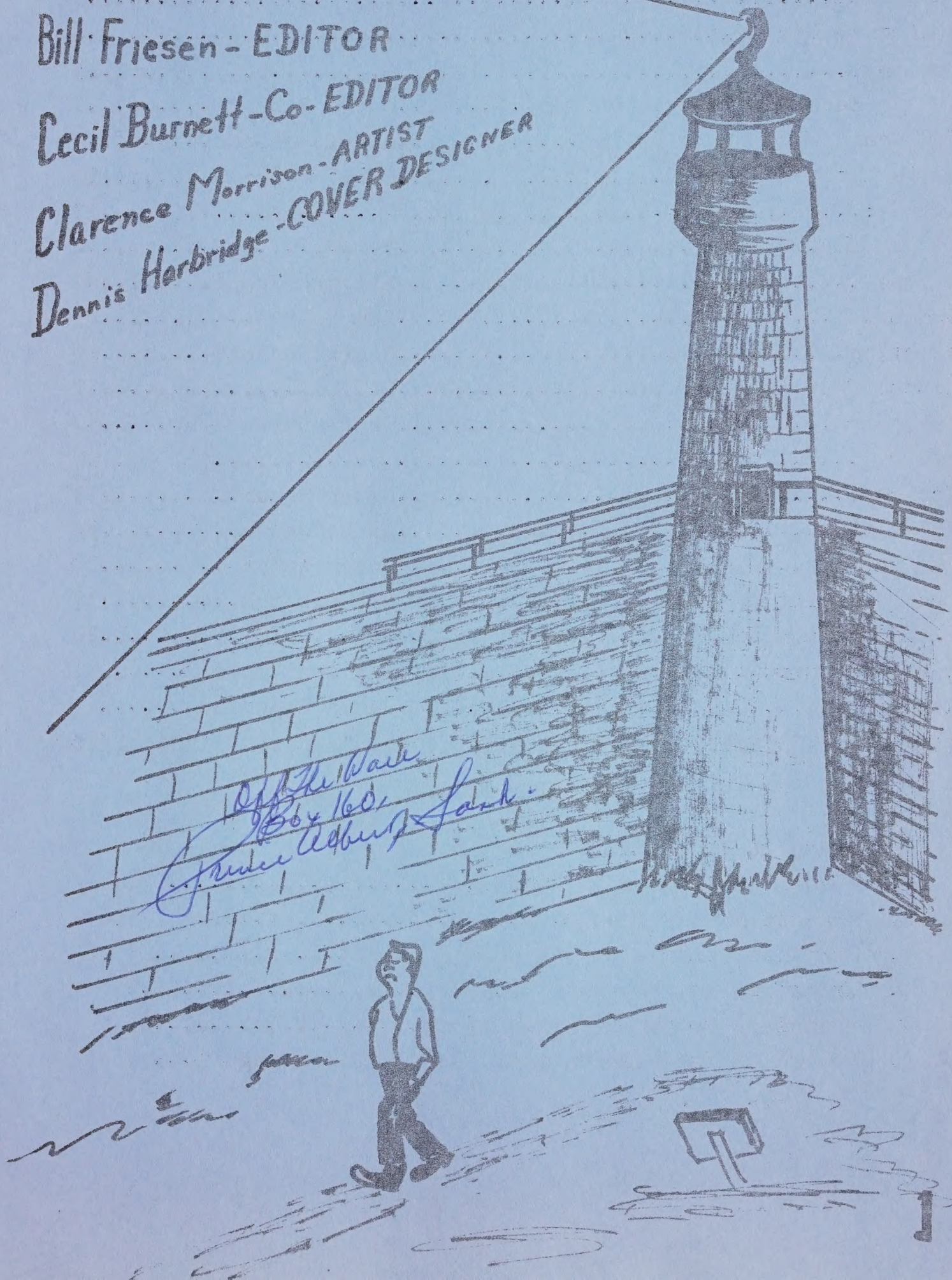


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OFF THE WALL

Volume 1, No. 2

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1975

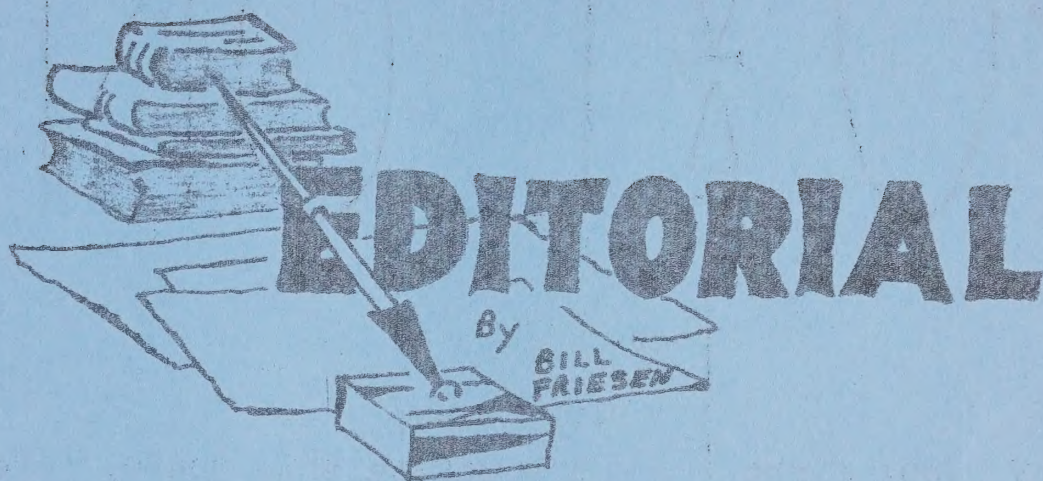
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STATISTICS

As of August 31, 1975

1. Number of Inmates on Count.....461
2. Highest Number Issued.....#4731
3. Parolees Release During July & August.....43
4. Transfers to Farm Annex.....9
5. Transfers to Other Institutions.....65
6. Number of Inmates Admitted During July & August...94



In this issue, we have printed, rather proudly, a letter to the Editor and a short dissention by Canadian author Max Braithwaite. Max was kind enough to contribute to our lowly efforts and even stranger, some of our inmates contributed to this issue. Enough contributed in fact, that the job of Editor became simply that; a job of Editing. Kilgore Trout stars as cub reporter covering the "Old Man's Race" and Len Doorns wrote an article on our championship fastball team, the Clippers. The Racy Rumormonger column is by.....well if he treats me carefully I won't put his name in next month's Racy Column. I hope this edition provides as much enjoyment for you the reader as it did for me in putting it together. Cecil Burnett didn't enjoy it quite as much as I did because he did all the work. Dutch has been transferred to the farm annex so he won't be with us any more and although hard work and Dutch haven't met yet, I'll miss his sarcasm and sharp wit. He's also got a good left-hook and told me that he'd like to be mentioned in the paper. Keep writing all you OFF THE WALL fans, and enjoy the paper.

PRO : CON

Dear Bill:

I got a copy of your first issue today and I think it is damned good.

I have written this little piece which may or may not fit your book. Feel free to reject it. Won't be the first piece I've had rejected.

I found that reading OFF THE WALL was a tremendously moving experience.

Congratulations to all! Keep up the good work.

Good Luck.

Max Braithwaite

Thanx for the lift Max. Your handwritten note will be a keepsake which I'll reluctantly auction for a fortune someday. Please keep in touch. (By hand if possible)

Bill

NOTE: The article from Max appears on Page 41.

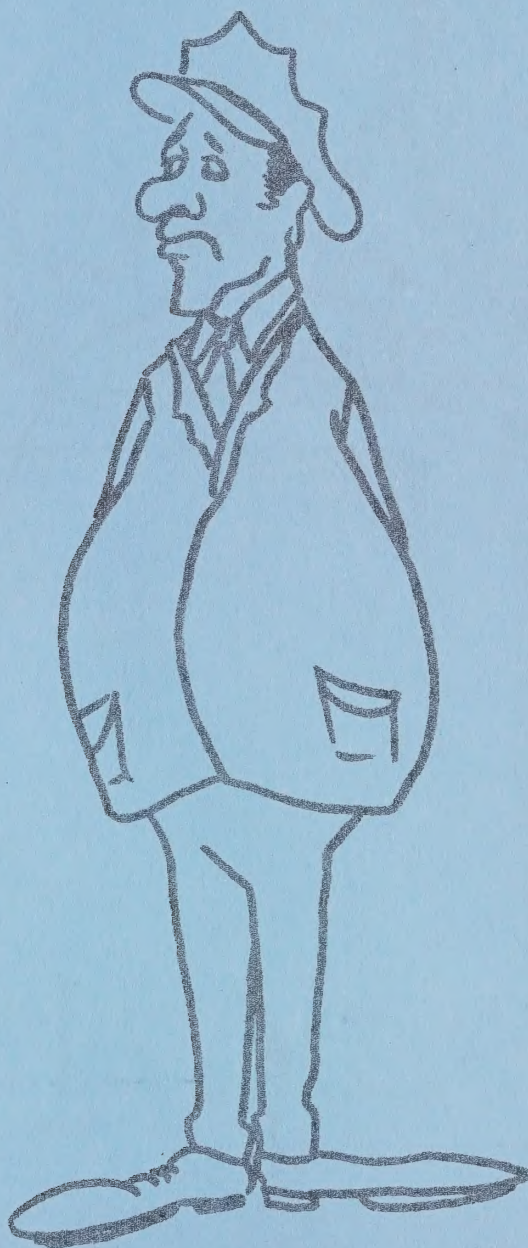
Dear Sonny:

I'm taking this space, (previously occupied by your much appreciated letter to the Editor) to apologize for not printing your contribution to YOUR paper. The letter was censored. Your usage of the word 'suck' struck a nerve and Mr. Rollo found the whole piece objectionable.

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you that I enjoyed your humor and look forward to another letter this month. However, I can't blame you if you decide that any paper which won't print an inmate's material isn't worthy of the inmate's support.

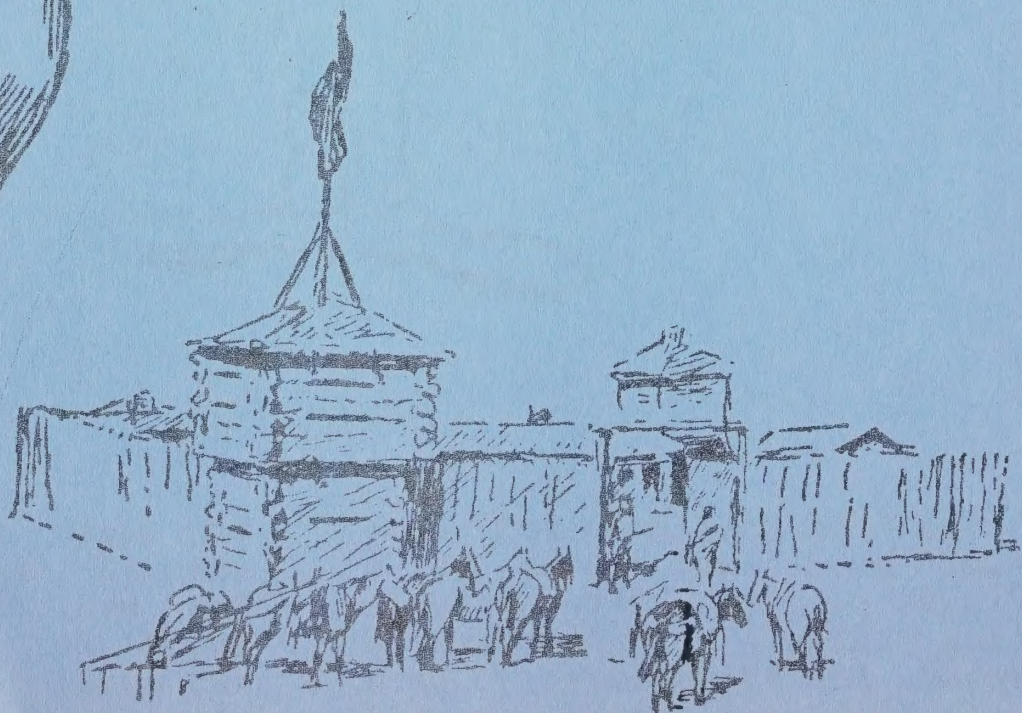
Bill.

ACHTUNG!



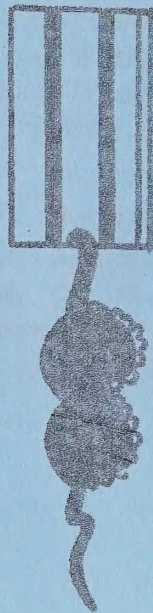
The "Most Popular Guard" contest held last month, was a dismal failure. After canceling ballots on which guards voted for themselves, we were left with no votes! We will

try again this month and have changed the ballots somewhat. The new ballots will have a space for the voter to place his name, number and parole date. Keep suckin' er, truckin.



how to keep convicts in prison

by wayne roberts



This article describes actual practices that not only do not return the prisoner to his home, job, and community, but actually increase his chances of lifelong residence in a prison. The following rules are what keep men in prison:

1.) The institution's general appearance. The importance of over-crowding, understaffing, and poorly maintained buildings and grounds, and long prison sentences cannot be overestimated. They immediately impress upon the prisoner the utter hopelessness of his situation.

2.) In all decisions, play it safe. Never allow the convict freedom that may, in any

way, give him an opportunity to kill himself, fall in love, interact with normal, honest, God-fearing folk, or simply be alone. Never believe the convicts account of any event. Decisions are best put off for several weeks, and longer if possible. The effects of a positive ex-

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perience may allow the convict to rehabilitate himself.

3.) Supply only the bare necessities of life. The convict requires very little of the luxuries of life. Actually, the money is better spent on public highways and foreign aid.

4.) Keep all records strictly confidential. Under no circumstances discuss a convict's record with him. Knowledge of that his record contains may lead to his rehabilitation.

5.) Always put the young offenders into maximum security prisons with hardened convicts. This helps the young offender to identify himself with the proper element of society. It also adds to his confusion concerning his real status in life.

6.) Maintain the convicts

identity. The custom of photographing convicts considerably helped to remind the prisoner that he is potentially dangerous.

7.) Above all, do not allow convicts to become friendly with staff personnel. I need not point out the problems which could arise.

The results of careful observation of these rules indicate that they are time-honored methods of establishing and maintaining convicts in prison. It should be pointed out that there are certainly other methods available. However, with some refinement and further research these other procedures may become acceptable.

These rules show us how to make criminals perpetually criminal or, more positively, what not to do if you want to restore them to life in society.



Three months my rehabilitation will be over Then I'll
be free to get the SON of a bitch who put me in here !"

you gonna send me to the pen

BY alfred hassan

*(out on parole from Folsom Prison. This
appeared in Maximum Security: Letters from Prison)*

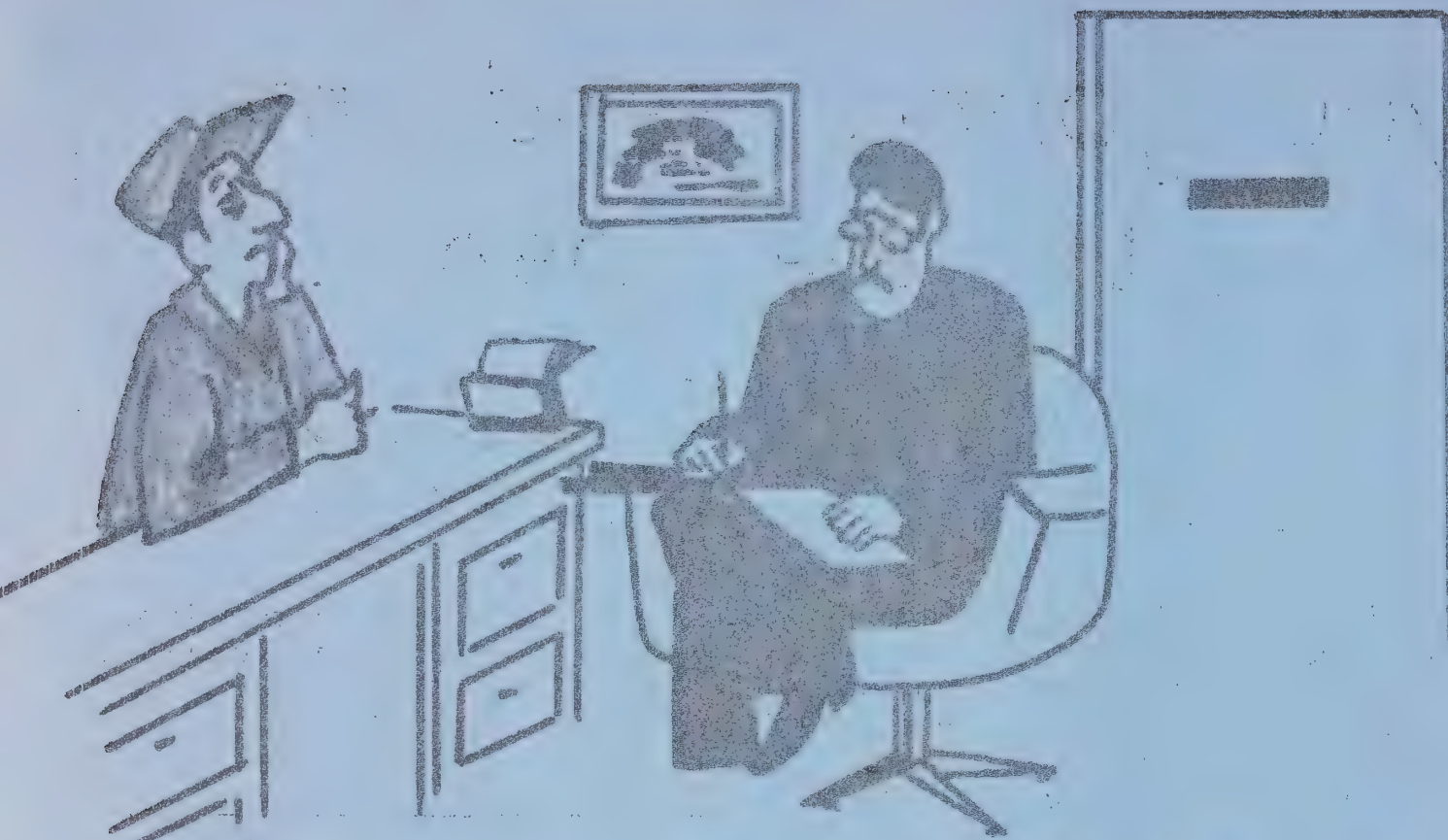
Don't be telling me what is right. You talk that right jive, but where was you when my old man and the neighbors were teaching me how to steal and shoot dope? Where was you when me and my brothers and sisters was crazy and blind from hunger? Where was you when my mama was gambling away the welfare check? Where was you when the World was calling me a dirty nigger and a greasy Mexican and a poor white peakawood? Where was you when the cops was whipping me upside my head just because my skin was dark? Where was you when I was losing respect for your law and your order? Where was you when Wrong was my only salvation?

I'll tell you where you was. You was clear across town -- Y'know, over there living in them big, fine houses -- talking that trash about right and wrong. But check this out: There ain't no such thing as right or wrong in my world. Can you dig?

Right or wrong is what a chump chooses to tell himself. And I chose to tell myself that stealing is right. I had a choice: to be a poor--, raggedy --a---m-----all my life or to go out into the streets and steal me some money so I could buy a decent pair of shoes to wear, or shoot me some dope so I could forget about the rat-and-roach infested dump I live in.

Yeah, I got a chip on my shoulder. But it didn't get up there by itself. And it's gonna stay up there until you eliminate the funky conditions that breed cats like me. Yeah, you gonna send me to the pen. But that ain't no big thing because I've been in prison all my life. And if you think you can rehabilitate me by sending me to prison, then you are sadly mistaken.

How do you rehabilitate a cat who has never been 'habilitated'? There ain't nothing to rehabilitate. I know why you're sending me to the pen. You're sending me there to be punished, to do some A'ems and P'ems. But, fool, don't you know that you can't get nothing down by throwing salt into my open wounds? And I want you to know one thing before I split. I ain't ashamed of what I did or who I am. I'm me -- dig. I've talked that talk, and now I'm ready to walk that walk.



"You're worse than my wife with all those stupid questions!"

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

By KILGORE TROUT

My name is Kilgore Trout. A lot of you have been asking, "Who the hell is Kilgore Trout?" I'm here to tell you and clear up the seeming mystery.

In the United States of America (that mythical, mystical, land of milk and honey across the border, where every man is ...but that's another story) - anyway, in the United States of America is a gruesome little man named Kurt Vonnegut. Kurt Vonnegut is a writer of plays, poetry, and novels (with a name like Kurt, he'd more or less have to be a writer - wouldn't he?...but that's another story)

Here is one of Vonnegut's poems:

see Tom run
see Dick run
see Tom chase Dick
Tom always chases Dick

...but that's another story

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all writers make up characters give them names, and more or less let them breathe, think, talk, and go to the toilet (kind of like god...but that's another story) and Vonnegut is no different. Except that he's quite a bit better at creation than most (he may even be better at creation than god...but that's another story and certainly not one that would sing his praises). As an example of Vonnegut's creativity, in the above poem Tom is obviously a flaming... but that's another story.

Vonnegut does things to his characters that is often indecent and always frightening. He is so frightening that he makes you laugh until there are tears in your eyes. But the laughing hurts and the tears aren't tears of joy.

Actually, Kurt Vonnegut is a bastard! I know. He has often me do and say things that I don't do or say; or at least he did until I escaped from him and sought refuge in this comfortable little sanctuary.

You see, at one time I was a character in his books. He used me and abused me; toyed with me; gave me little peace from his perverted manipulations. He played with me - tormented me - for the amusement and entertainment of his readers (what a low and callous thing to do just to sell a novel...but that's another story). He got off his rocks playing with me... but that's another story.

Anyway, in "Breakfast of Champions" he had me doing a number of indecently irreverent things (totally against my will

...but that's another story). He had me travelling the countryside while trying to find out what "it's" all about. He wouldn't let me find out until he wrote himself into the novel and in his tracherous little way didn't tell me anything (even then) that he hadn't let me already suspect and besides he scared the sh..! out of me (it was like meeting god or something)...but that's another story). He scared me so damn bad that, like the most disgusting coward, I ran. I ran and kept running. I ran right out of his clutches. I kept running and now he doesn't know where I am. So don't tell him! This will be our secret.

But now I want to tell you exactly what is happening. I'm going to tell you what he told me, what I suspected, and what I found out after I had run away and had the opportunity to read "Breakfast of Champions" ...which is in the library...but that's another story! Also, (another story!) I've become convinced that one of the young fellows that works in the library - his name is Patrick - I think - is one of Vonnegut's spies. You see, he has a network of spies that is larger and more efficient than the CIA even. And they're all trying to discover my whereabouts. But I have spies too and when one of them mentioned that I was hiding in here, Patrick blew his cover by asking the following questions, 'where does he live? What's his number? What does he look like? Can I meet him?' Patrick, I'm wise to you and you can tell Kurt that I won't be found that easily!

Now I'm going to tell you what is going on. Yes, I know

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That's a big job but I'm pretty sure I can handle it. After all, I have written 200 novels and 2000 short stories (that have been published in numerous skin magazines with lurid, pornographic, covers...but that's another story.)

Anyway, here it is! The answer. The truth. The reality of all and every. What it's all about...Why? When? and How? Now and forever...tra la...

We are all characters in someone's novel!

No, not one of Vonnegut's. I know his work and even he can't be this inventively cruel. No, we are characters in some unknown authors work (a vibrant young De Sade...but that's another story). And we don't do or say anything without him typing it out somewhere. And all he lets us do is walk around asking each other, "what the hell is the meaning of all this?" and "when will all of petty harrassment end?". But soon (and this is the tragic irony of it all) but soon the novel will be finished or maybe the author will tire of his game (his viscious manipulation of his characters...which is us, dummy...but that's another story), but whatever happens for whatever causes, eventually the walls will disappear, the classification office will dissolve in a puff of bewildered (S.O.P...but that's another story) smoke, and we will all cease to exist (as will the 'petty harasssment'; hey, Dave?).

The only thing that I can see wrong with this type of existence (besides it being parasitic of the author) is that when he stops writing we stop period! We won't even know it. One

minute we'll be there and the next we'll be nothing...less than nothing: less than nothing because won't even know we have ceased to be or that we ever were. And the author will laugh and laugh. He may not even get the novel published. He might just throw it away, or burn it, or - most cruel and horrible fate of all - he may use it in the toilet. If he does that, do you realize what he'll be doing with our lives? He'll be using them to wipe his...but that's another story. Oh god, the cruel injustice of writer inspired fate! And the terror of it is that it could happen at anytime...sooner than we think...but that's another story.

Anyway, (for as long as we exist, in any case) stay tuned into this magazine and especially this column because as time goes on we'll all come closer and closer to here and now and what for. I'll try to keep you as informed as I'm able. Informed as to all my discoveries of the truth and reality in this little soap opera; this castle by the sea; this pleasure palace of the unreformed and the heroic (that unreformed being 'them' and the heroic being 'us'...but that's another story.)

By the way, it's my opinion, that whoever is writing this second rate, tritely melodramatic novel (that we are all characters in) is one shitty-assed novelist. And I don't care who knows it! So there.

On the other hand, it is possible that none of what I've just reported is true. It might be that I've made Vonnegut up just for this series of article. If that's the case, then it might also be true that I've made all of you up too...but that's another story.

I GORE TROUT FAN MAIL

Note: beginning in the issue we will be printing informative and enlightening letters from fans of the great Trout. Due to the large volume of mail we have received for and about Kilgore we must select only the best. Those letters that are printed will be of such high integrity that we intend to send the writer of each letter a pair of bronzed socks that have been lately worn by Kilgore..

Our first recipient of the coveted socks writes:

How you doin' Kil?!

At last I've found you Kil... (pardon my open affection Mr. Trout but I'm so excited!!) My heels are still happily clicked together...and frankly, I'm in midair after, once again, beholding your name in print.

It is with deep and ecstatic -ah- suspension that I dangle here...oh Kil...Kil...what can I say?

I read with alarm your profoundly incisive expose regarding the surreptitious and diabolical intention of the 'blue lights'.

I knew I had to act fast. So I moved slowly from table to table whispering your bombshell to the non-suspecting men. No body can really dig a Paul Re-

vere anymore, Kil. No body!... and now I really need a friend, Kil. Really!

Oh, how I've haunted the libraries, bookstores, and gift shops for your promised books, Kil. In one place, as a last resort, I poured over hundreds of books at "Sleazy's Place" and in my haste knocked over a book rack and all the cellophane covered magazines crashed down on my head and some of them cracked open and I was trapped in a stench of...of centre-folds. They told me I was some kind of new kinky and that's why I'm in here in jail now.

Little did I know I'd find you in print here!

Oh Kil - Kil - what can I say?

I'm just a guy, Kil. Not a silly girl or a queen or even a prince. So, I hope you won't think me undisciplined, forward and unrestrained. I'm not french...I'm not even green or anything like that. I'm certainly no "Venus on a Half-Shell" ...some may think me "The Gutless Wonder" or even a "Maniac in the Fourth Dimension" but "Now it Can be Told" "I'm a Pan Galactic Straw Boss" and a "Pretty Smart Bunny". I head the "Big Bored", you know; #2BRO2B - so, hang in there, Kil, you're murder. Knock 'em dead.

.....
The illustrious Trout has another fan and he writes:

Dear Kilgore,

DROP DEAD!

Signed: Kurt V.

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OUR

WAY

By **BILL HAAS**
FOR COMMITTEE

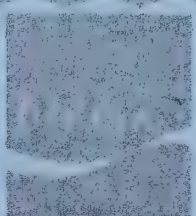
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The two-week extravaganza has become a part of the past and once more the convict population makes a pretence of working. A lot has been said about the two week holiday. Some good, and some bad; but fortunately more good than bad.

A survey indicated that the Go-Carts were the most popular attraction. Fortunately there were no serious mishaps though there were spills a plenty and one hapless sole even managed to pilot his go-cart through the 34 inch plywood rink boards. A special thanks to the dedicated soles that spent eight hours of their time catching run away carts and helping new riders in. The second most popular event was the Galla 'partially cooked' Barbecue, scheduled to wind up the two-week holiday but winding up being on Friday.

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There were a number of complaints directed towards the uncooked beeper but most of that can be summed up as inexperience and a bum 'steer' (no pun intended) on the part of a misguided chef who does not cook whole cows everyday. Also, it was noted that the next time the front end loader is used to haul food it would be wise to wash out the sand and gravel from the bucket. The imitation sour cream for the potatoes went over extremely well with many oohs and aahs coming from the diners. It has been suggested that the next time that the curling rink is used as a dining room maybe some lime could be spread prior to take away the smell. Also suggested was a more orderly method of food service for the cutters were nearly swamped by the hordes. The wrestling went down as the third best attraction of the holiday. Plenty of laughs and a few bumps and scraps. God, those guys sure play and fake ruff, rope burns and band-aids can still be seen. Most guys really got a kick out of the pee-wee soccer players running full tilt chasing a ball half their size. The little fellows sure did put out. A special thanks to the mothers and related offences that lead the cheering section. With all the yelling a guy might be lead to believe that there were some bets played. The gymkana was

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lauded greatly though marred by one unfortunate accident. A really special thanks to the outside people that put it on for us.

About the least well received was the war films. What do you say about a war that ended thirty years ago?

As to general comments, most felt that the recess was of the correct length while a few thought it a little long and one individual proposed that it be made into a year round event. The main complaint towards length was that it dragged at times but this could be solved by more events. One person wondered if it were not more propaganda for the administration than for the convict and the only thing that I can say to this is as long as we had fun then our ends were met. The two strongest complaints were lodged against useless tickets that could not be redeemed at the end of the games night and hot ? rod T-shirts. Also it was mentioned that many more cons could have participated. We would hope in the future that more will take advantage of the opportunity. There also seemed to be some hassle with the outside guests

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getting through the doors, gates and what have you. Hope that this too might be cleared up by next year.

A number of very good suggestions were made for possible events on a future recess of the same type. Listed to save room in order of number of times requested:

1. A dance - obviously co-ed
2. More outsiders-especially cons families.
3. A horse show
4. Outside bands, both rock and western
5. Photographs of cons in groups and participating in activities
6. Better prizes
7. Additional funds, government money would not hurt.
8. A tug of war with a water pit between the two sides
9. More spirit from the cons
10. Club sponsored programs
11. A bingie that included outside people, regular prizes for the cons and hobby craft produce as prizes for the bingos won by the street people.

In summation "Yes, we are On Our Way" and "Let's do it again". Special thanks should go to all those that made it possible. The merchants from downtown that donated generously, the



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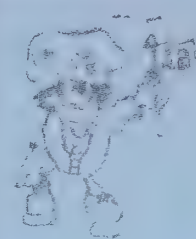
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director who donated the three medals, those street folks that donated their time and efforts for food services, and all those beautiful and fantastic street people that came in and shared our experiences with us. Mention should also go to all the cons that worked hard to make it the success that it was, Committee members included. The list could go on but for the sake of brevity it has been categorized.

As a parting shot, one last cheer for the pee-wee (eight to thirteen year old) team that defeated the glorious but not victorious committee soft ball pick-up team. Those boys and girls put on a real good show ...so did the committee.

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NATIONAL
FRUIT

'HELP US TO HELP OURSELVES' was the line that I spoke on both radio and television, asking the community to get involved in our recess. Many people did get involved and were much appreciated, but it was the Citizens' Advisory Committee who really helped us to organize the recess program. Just to mention a few: Mr. J.J. Cannon, was able to get us on both radio and television; Mr. Elmer Hicks, and Ms. Marilyn Mallo, collected donations for us; Mr. Al Ryan, made sure that we had plenty to eat during two cook-outs. We thank you all.

By the way, David Wayne still wants to know what happened to the coin operated bucking horse.

We now ask that the communications which were established in the planning and during the recess not break down.

We want to establish bi-weekly or monthly meetings for exchange of ideas. The slogan was 'ON OUR WAY', we would like to maintain that idea. The members of the Citizens' Advisory Committee are as follows:

Mr. Jack Cannon, Chairman
Mr. Elmer Hicks, Secretary
Mr. Harold Reed
Mr. Thomas Francis
Ms. Gladys Johnson
Mr. Al Ryan

Mr. Orville Andreas
Mr. T. Franks
Mr. George Zimmer
Mr. Ted Sayer
Ms. Rose Boyer
Ms. Marilyn Mallo

On behalf of Inmate Committee and all the inmates, I would like to express our appreciation to those who helped to make our recess a success, and all the sponsors whose advertisements appear in this issue.

Wayno Roberts
President

TRACK & FIELD

OLYMPIC

During those days of August 11th, 12th, and 13th, the olympic days were held; and the results were as follows:

<u>1 Mile Race:</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>100-yard Dash</u>	<u>Time</u>
1st - George Bernier	5.32.3	1st - John Warrington	10.5
2nd - Chuck Thompson	5.33	2nd - Herman Peterson	
3rd - John Hawryluk	5.45	3rd - Brian Harder	

<u>High Jump:</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Discuss Throw</u>	<u>Distance</u>
1st - Herman Peterson	5'6"	1st - Dave Florence	100.8 F.
2nd - Ron Grant	5'5"	2nd - Pete Makokis	95.5
3rd - Dale Stonechild	5'2"	3rd - Erstein Ruggles	92.11

<u>440 Relay</u>	<u>Time</u>
1st - Warrington, Arnott, Gregory, Hawryluk	52.6
2nd - Harder, Roach, Whittaker, Kuipers	
3rd - Peterson, Kahapace, Kenny, Cheekinev	

<u>Standing Broad Jump</u>	<u>Length</u>	<u>Shot Put</u>	<u>Length</u>
1st - John Warrington	10.5	1st - Stewart Gaddie	38'2
2nd - Herman Peterson		2nd - Chester Hunchak	36'9
3rd - Brian Harder		3rd - Harvey Andreas	36'8

<u>3 Mile Race</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>220 Yard Dash</u>	<u>Time</u>
1st - Chuck Thompson	16:10:08	1st - John Warrington	24.02
2nd - George Bernier		2nd - John Hawryluk	
3rd - Bill Bracery		3rd - Herman Peterson	

<u>440 Yard Dash</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Broad Jump</u>	<u>Length</u>
1st - John Warrington	49.2	1st - Wally Mayfield	15'11"
2nd - Herman Peterson		2nd - John Warrington	15'8½"
3rd - John Hawryluk		3rd - Lorne Cheekinev	15'7"

<u>Hurdles</u>	<u>Time</u>
1st - John Warrington	17:06
2nd - Herman Peterson	18:07
3rd - Max Arnott	19:00

<u>Old Man's Race</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Fat Man's Race</u>	<u>Time</u>
1st - Dave Florence	17:04	1st - Mike Cardinal	12:08
2nd - Ryan Greenlaw		2nd - Sonny Bergen	
3rd - Gerald Knibb		3rd - Dave Sellwood	

TOURNAMENTS

PING PONG Singles

1st - Djemal
2nd - Lapointe
3rd - Bird

Doubles

1st - Lamourieux & Lapointe
2nd - Aubichon & Peterson
3rd - Livingstone & Djemal

GOLF Singles

1st - Tony Cote
2nd - Wally Durocher
3rd - Wally Mayfield

Doubles

1st - Mitchell & Malcolm
2nd - Makokis & Wilson
3rd - Laframbois & Birmingham

HORSESHOES Singles

1st - Janvier
2nd - Peawean
3rd - Tallman

Doubles

1st - Tallman & Chalifoux
2nd - Wowk & Florence
3rd - Janvier & Nahbexie

HANDBALL Singles

NOT AVAILABLE

Doubles

1st - Krilow & Noonan
2nd - Arnott & Labuick
3rd - Gagnon & Bernier

FLOOR HOCKEY

1st - Brydon's Bombers
2nd - Chieftains

VOLLEYBALL

1st - Little New Yorkers
2nd - Nomads

WEIGHT LIFTING

<u>Lightweight</u>	<u>Squat</u>	<u>Bench</u>	<u>Deadlift</u>	<u>Total</u>
1st - Gordon Roy	260	280	445	985
2nd - Larry Popowich	280	280	420	980
3rd - Toni Hendrix	220	270	350	840

Middleweight

1st - Bobby Adams	300	220	440	960
2nd - Larry Smith	260	230	360	850

Heavyweight

1st - Ed Ramsay	300	340	450	1090
2nd - Jim Blizzard	320	300	420	1040
3rd - Nick Sawrenko	290	300	400	990



WRESTLING

Wrestling! Right here in our very own penitentiary. We could have charged ten dollars admission and couldn't have had a complaint. Think of the probabilities; twenty men, not noted for their sense of fair play, are being CHEERED for hurting each other! And hurt each other they did. A couple of back injuries: Motor-mouth and Main-event Van Uffelen, a possible arm fracture: Hogan,

one heart failure: Duke, and Jimmy Blizzard's adidas tracks all over Skip Ellington's neck and head. I haven't seen any evidence of hard feelings over what happened in the ring except possibly a few guys who are unhappy because they didn't see Bobby Briden streak the wrestlers. Well, cheer up. I have it on good authority that Bob will streak the Dome on Labor Day.

A list of matches with the names as underlined, as the winner.

1. Ron Grant <u>Ruggles</u> vs Ken Jensen Pat Hogan	4. Noname <u>Wardman</u> vs Sheffield Rystyhow	7. Tiger Bitz <u>'Pepi' Lameroux</u> vs Wally Mayfield Leonard Okanee
2. Motor-Mouth Eddy Ramsay <u>'Storm' Blizzard</u> vs Jerry Poole Wally Durocher Dutch	5. Oliver Patton <u>Larry Popowich</u> vs Ian Hutton 'Stretch' Regan	8. 'Duke' Kuiper vs <u>Dorans</u>
3. Barry Vance <u>Osborne</u> vs Percy Whitford John Beaushaw	6. Ramsay Blizzard <u>Dutch</u> vs Selwood Ernie Keller 'Skip' Elingson	

Battle Royal was won by Eddy Ramsay.

Referees were Tommy Shand and Gordon Lucier

Judges were Buddy Smith, Bobby Yore, and Kenny Lisard

Ring-side Commentator was Tom Goodall

EXPOSE: or the inside track on the

By Kilgore Trout

FAT MAN'S RACE

The two-week recess was a resounding success (...but that's another story) except for the fat man's race. You see, I had been in strenuous and arduous training for this particular event so that I would reach that high degree of bodily perfection that would assure of victory in this biggest and best of all events. (he spent the winter, in the dining halls, three and often four times a day gluttonously training and acquiring the necessary poundage: Editor) I suffered indigestion, heartburn, palpitations of the liver, and other assorted discomforts in order that I might raise myself to that god-like peak of perfection. No sacrifice was too great; no agony too intense to bear. But it was all for nothing. I failed to place in the money. I was robbed of my one chance for victory and national acclaim. I was robbed. By him. By the Vonnegut!

Vonnegut won again. Damn him!...but that's another story. Yes, he won. He won by placing two of his spies in the race. They did not train. They stayed away from the dining halls and lived on protein supplements and the extracts from sheeps ba....! ...but that's another story. They did not eat but unethically and unfairly practiced sprinting, running and jumping, and other forms of low and dastardly, underhanded activities that would assure them of victory... a hollow victory...but still the cries of the crowd ring in my ears and are the echoes of my defeat...but that's another story.

The first of Vonnegut's wretches placed first in the race. It is rumored that he has also placed second in the 100 yard dash at the Saskatchewan summer games. The second of Kurts' little monsters weighed in at 193½ pounds of solid muscle - not fat by any means. It is rumored that he placed first in the 100 yard dash at the Saskatchewan Summer games and is a telegram messenger in his spare time. Neither of these two cheats are

what they claimed to be. Both wore padding during and after the race. No one but me saw through their clever disguise and when I reported this to the race official I was laughed at and not so gently told to dummy-up. Oh, where has ethics gone? Will Vonnegut stop at nothing?

To add insult to injury I was fouled in the race (the first prize for this event being a years supply of pigs feet, pigs chops, ham sandwiches and one or two dry biscuits. This supply would have allowed me to continue training for the same event next year. Continue training in the style that I have lately grown accustomed to...but that's another story.) Yes, I was fouled. Fouled by one of the real fat men. In his rotund haste he stumbled and fell, into my path, coming out of the starting gate. I lost valuable time climbing over him and although I bear no grudges I only wish he had fallen in front of one of Vonnegut's underlings. If he had, then I would have been a winner ...but that's another story.

SPORTS PAGE

MOLSON CUP WAS CAPTURED BY CLIPPERS

By LEN DOORNS

Well, for those of you who haven't already heard or seen, our joint all-star team, the Clippers are the 1975 Champions of the Sportsman's Fastball League from downtown. Under the management and coaching of Chester Hunchak and Tommy 'The Mayor' Shand, the Clippers finished the regular season play with an impressive 21 wins and 4 losses. The final victory came after winning five straight play-off games, which must be close to some sort of record.

Bob Lundquist, the pitcher and captain of the team definitely deserves a mention for the fine job he did pitching. Bob also finished the regular season play as the Clipper's top batter with an average of .629.

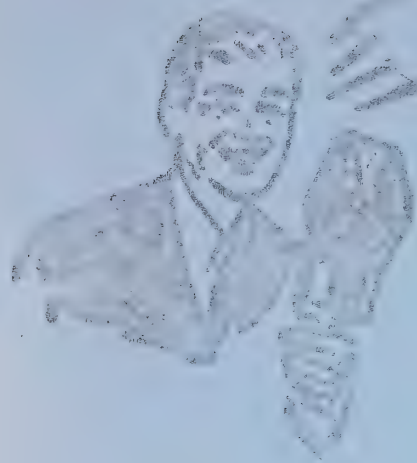
Although the league is over there's still one thing no one can say for sure of yet. Nobody can say for sure whether or not, John 'The Roadrunner' Warrington actually touches the ground when he flies down to first base. I imagine the outside teams undoubtedly considered him a threat every time he came to bat.

With Gabe Wolfe handling the catcher's position and an infield like Arnott, Alexson, Norton and Roach the opposing teams were facing a near errorless crew. Backing these guys up, in the outfield were Yore,

Dorrans and Warrington. Not to be forgotten are a few Clippers who were put out of the season because of injuries and other various reasons. Among these guys are two top chuckers, Buddy Smith and Joe MacDonald. Sask Penny's own, Motor and Bradshaw were among the fans this year. These two guys definitely shook up the add opposing player and in their own way put a few points on the scoreboard.

All of these things mixed together just happened to be the proper ingredients for a winning combination. Unfortunately, some of the '75 Clippers will be here again next year and hopefully some won't, but after having the big Molson's trophy in our showcase for a year it's going to seem like we own it, so we've got to come up with another winner.

Election Results and Comments



Written by Don Burnett

The biannual election day for a new Inmate Committee was held on September 2nd, 1975. The slate, in which there were nineteen nominees, had seven incumbents and thirteen newcomers. Each vote of the inmates was cast by each inmate at his own cell during the regular lock-up; it seemed proper for such balloting.

The results were six re-elected incumbents and four newcomers. The list of these elected members of new committee are detailed with the number of votes, and their comments as below:

MR. BEARD - 656 (re-elected): I would like to take this opportunity to thank the population for their vote of confidence they showed when they re-elected me to represent them. The new position I have taken over is Classification, Trades Training & Education. In the past we have not seen much improvement in any of these areas, mostly due to administrative policies set up for this institution by Ottawa, and the location of this institution, this pertains mostly to the Classification and the Trades Training areas. In the Education field I think the reason is a total lack of interest on the part of most of the population. I have no idea, at this time on how to rectify the present situation, which prevails in these areas; however, I hope that in the no-to-distant-future I will be able to bring forth to you, concrete solutions to some of the problems that now exist in these areas. I am not optimistic enough to believe that I'll get a lot of cooperation from the people who run these areas but what I would like to believe is that they will one day become conducive department to the inmates of this institution as they were supposed to be when originally set up. Thank you.

MR. HANSEN - 312 (re-elected): I would like to thank the population for their support in re-electing me. In my new position, or shall I say positions, as vice-president and treasurer for the Inmate Committee I will do my best to give you a comprehensive breakdown on the monies being spent by this committee.

KEITH PARCHER -- 232 (re-elected): A message from your new hobby and canteen representative. When we had our pre-election speeches in the gym, I asked for an opportunity to finish the projects we had started when I was on the last committee. I received a very good response from the population by being elected very strong by the number of votes. Now I feel I must try to do my part. And believe me I will work hard at it. To get these projects finished as soon as possible. And bring into effect the new ones I have in mind. I would like to take the opportunity at this time to thank everyone who voted for me. To make this possible. So thanks! I think we have a good committee in the present committee and that they can do the job for us. That is with the co-operation of the administration, the population and so on. In closing I would like to thank the last committee for the cooperation and help they gave me, also the administration and the population too. I hope this all continues in the future for the benefit of all. I think we can look forward to more changes to come in the very near future in all areas. Thank you.

LARRY HARVEY - 229 (elected): I would like to thank everyone who voted for me and I will try to live up to the faith people have placed in me. I will be working as the entertainment representative and we will try our damndest to have a variety of things to do and with a wide enough range of interest so that everyone will be able to have entertainment that interests them. If anyone has any suggestions, please get in touch with me. Thanks.

WAYNE ROBERTS - 228 (re-elected): Thank you fellow convicts for placing your confidence in me. As I said at the election rally, the concept of self-government means that we do our own thinking. For too long in past we had allowed the administration and staff to do our thinking for us; we had become so dependent on the staff that we did not ask another convict to do anything. Because we were under the illusion that they did not know anything, we always took our problems to the administration where we got being 'brushed off'. Now is the time to start thinking of more than is going on around you today, think about tomorrow and where the self-government concept can lead us. Thus, maintain!

DAVID WAYNE - 219 (re-elected): Thanks people - What I said on the stage stands. I drove for the people in Disassociation & Segregation in the past six months and I'll drive even harder this time. I hope I'll not have to help you people that are out in the general population as of now; however, if I do I'll back you 100%. Thanks again.

PETE BIRD - 178 (elected): I would like to take this opportunity to extend my sincere thanks to you.- the population, for voting me in to the inmate committee. I have been elected as hospital representative, and this job is to handle any problems that you might have with the hospital, no matter how small the problem might be. I am not going to make any promises here. But I will say one thing and that is that I will do my best in dealing with any problem that you bring to see concerning the hospital area. My cell location is B-1-6 - so far any of you who do have a problem or complaint, please bring them to me. Thank you all once again.

BOB ADAMS - 160 (elected): I would like to thank the inmates of this institution for placing their confidence in me and electing me as a member of the inmate committee. I assure you that I will do the best that I possibly can to fulfill the position of Visits and Correspondences. And anyone having problems in this area please do not hesitate to bring this matter to me. Thanks again.

JAMES STEWART - 151 (elected): Thank you very much for voting me in. The committee has selected me as the Sports Commissioner; I will do my best I can.

PETER KAHAN - 137 (elected): Firstly, I would like to thank the inmates for electing me. As I have mentioned in my pre-election speech that I would like to be Secretary - Well, the committee has voted me in that position unanimously. Secondly, my secretarial position entails lots of work which I like best because its food for my mind. Of course, having past business experience, I believe that I can really contribute something. Finally, I sincerely hope that we, the committee will achieve things through diplomatic negotiations and democratic procedures.

LOSERS were: Wally Durocher, 132; Ron Grant, 127; Alvin Norton, 122; Val Leschenko, 116; Max Arnott, 113; Gil Adams, 102; Dave Florence, 84; Joe Manus, 84; and Sonny Bergen, 69, 'er

The positions were assigned to the ten elected members:

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| 1. President: | Wayne Roberts |
| 2. Vice-President: | Pat Noonan |
| 3. Secretary: | Peter Kahan |
| 4. Hobby & Canteen: | Keith Parcher |
| 5. Hospital: | Pete Bird |
| 6. Segregation & Disassociation: | David Wayne |
| 7. Sport Commissioner: | James Stewart |
| 8. Entertainment: | Larry Harvey |
| 9. Education & Trade Training & Classification | Tommy Shand |
| 10. Visit & Correspondence: | Bob Adams |

RACE RELATIONS COMMITTEE

Wayne Livingstone, Chairman
Frank McCallum

Rene Gregory
Pete Makokis

SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

TO: Inmate Population

DATE: 14 August 1975

FROM: Acting Director

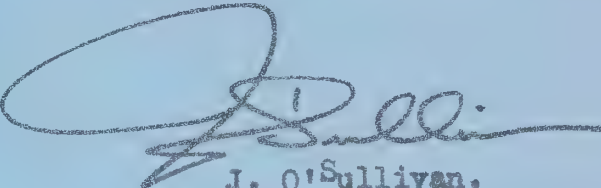
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RE: LOTTERY TICKETS

Please be advised that Policy does not permit the bringing into or keeping of lottery tickets in penitentiaries.

Lottery tickets already in your possession must be disposed of by mailing them out to relatives, friends or other parties.

Lottery tickets purchased or otherwise obtained while on Temporary Absence or Temporary Day Parole cannot be brought back into institutions.


J. O'Sullivan,
A/Director.

JO'S/ak

c.c. D. Chaharyn - for inclusion in the next publication of "Off The Wall"



Crossword

by Cecil Barnett

ACROSS

1. to encourage especially in doing wrong.
5. to raise
10. which thing
14. a skin opening
15. a bar used to pry or move something firmly fixed.
16. hearing organs
17. interlace
18. a country in central Africa
19. to appear to exist
20. a patchwork
22. loved; precious
23. height (abbrev.)
24. formerly
26. Social Credit (abbrev.)
28. high sea robber
30. printer's measure
32. centimeter (abbrev.)
34. traitor's crime
36. genuine
38. atmosphere

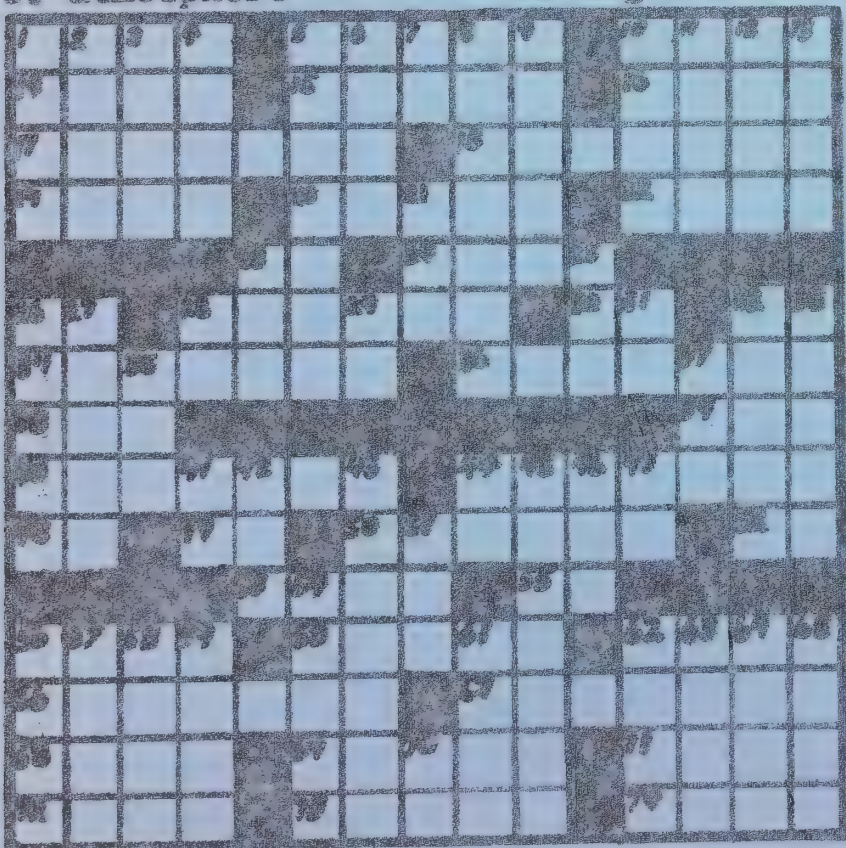
39. a meadow
40. First Book in Bible
44. A belief, stronger than an impression
48. Mr. Sullivan
49. preposition
50. a combining form meaning the dia-
52. a term in card bridge
53. a feminine name
55. indefinite article
56. second son of Adam & Eve
60. an irreligious person
62. con
66. nonsense (slang)
67. seasons
68. a feminine name
69. to set again
71. horse's gait
72. anger
73. regions
74. the grass-covered earth

DOWN

1. imitates
2. dog's favorite food

3. Mr. Gardner
4. a game group
5. electrotape
6. a tale
7. English Version (abbrev.)
8. a place of great activity.
9. groups of three
10. farmer's pest
11. rabbit (var.)
12. melody in opera
13. former ruler in Russia (var.)
21. siene
23. possessive pronoun
25. a decade
26. a platform
27. wept
28. Prince Albert (abbrev.)
29. indefinite article
31. Master of ceremonies
32. Greek Legend
33. intended
35. a seabird
37. a prophet
41. and (French)
42. male descendant
43. atomizer
44. either
45. underground beans
46. a tavern
47. negative
51. a witch
54. a musical play

56. aid, especially in doing wrong
57. A large bundle of certain goods
58. otherwise
59. something that a person lends
61. on the sea
62. amounts (abbrev.)
63. Roman emperor
64. walked on or over
65. the persons skilled in or occupied with.
70. Direction



Solution on Page 35

TRAIN TO VANCOUVER

Edmonton is just too much for her
So she's leavin' the life we've
come to know
She said she's goin' back to
find what's left of her world
The word she left behind not
so long ago
She's leavin' on the train to Vancouver

Goin' back to the simpler place
and time
I'll be with her on that train to
Vancouver
cause I'd rather live in her
world than live without her
in mine

She kept dreamin' that someday
she'd be a star
But she found out the hard way
that dreams don't always come true
So she's pawned all her hopes
and she even sold her own car
Bought a one-way fare back
to the life she once knew

Gil Pastion

THE POEMS OF RON DICKSON

I am a cloud
Shaped and reshaped
By gusts of time
And with each new shape
Comes the pain
Of old shapes remembered.

The wind of what will be
Rips into what I am
And sends it
Failing upwards
With spine unspun
Through chimneys in eternity until...
The wind becalms.
I float in pain
While the figure of what I am
Mingles with the shadows of what I was
...and I listen for the wind.

A monstrous demon dwells under me
Its fevered hands pushing my body
From above its resting place;
It carves my soul as food
And would devour all of me
Only I know its shape and purpose
And only I, lying here on top of it,
Can shape its purpose to meet mine.

DEDICATION TO WORK

by peter kahan

In the times of Recession and Inflation, prices rises and constant strikes, declining morals and lack of dedication to work - it seems that we are living in a sick society with symptoms resembling the declining of Roman Empire.

Our freedom without restraint has created lawlessness and anarchy. Selfishness has condemned us to starve in the midst of plenty.

What has gone wrong? Perhaps, we should re-examine our profile objectively and try to see ourselves as others see us. Being a forgnier myself, I may see things in a different perspective and may offer a few critical but construttive opinions.

Despite its imperfections, democracy is still the best system for us, but it may not be for everyone in the world. We must accept the reality that there are countless millions of hungry and illiterate people abroad to whom Freedom and Religion is little substitute for empty bellies.

It seems that we are living in a fool's paradise. Despite our superficial prosperity, there are almost 800,000 unemployed in Canada. Except for there source industries, most of our corporations are facing recession and exhaustion because we have lost the competitive production edge.

There is a serious balance of

payment deficit -- our exports are down & imports are up. Excessive profiteering and ridiculous wage demands have priced our goods out of market.

The affluence, feather bedding and social welfare have corrupted us and made us soft, and lazy.

New dedication to work and better industrial relations must be forth coming or the constant management and labor bickering and confrontation will erode democracy and capitalism.

Labor has abused the right to strike so often that it hinded productivity.

Is communism, socialism or nationalization the ultimate answer? Probably not, but if our system is to survive, excess profit and labor demands must be curbed.

CONTINUE NEXT PAGE

ECONOMY

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE)

Basically, the health and wealth of any nation, depends on its ability to produce and make profit - labor and management must pool their resources and help in a more scientific production systems - People in our free economy should be induced to save and reinvest in a industrial developments funds.

Without these funds, we can not afford technical research nor can we invest in new machinery. We must gradually make the people - the owners of our wealth and production, and allow them to share in the benefits --

a system advocated by Fabian in England some 100 years ago.

Because of Profit-Sharing, there would be more willingness and incentive for labor to work and less tendency to strike. Profits at the age of 50 would accumulate and channelled back to people who are producers - consumers, and eventually the benefactors. This could be most effective means of fighting inflation and rising cost of living.

With profound faith we would adopt the basic political principles to economic use. Instead of Government of the people, by the people, for the people, we would have industries of the people, by the people, for the people.

A.A.GROUP

A BRIEF HISTORY OF NOR-KEL

RELEASED BY al. lavoque

Nor-Kel was founded in May, 1950, when the late Dr. George Little, then at national headquarters, United Church of Canada, a life-long friend of alcoholics, went to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan to address the first public meeting ever held here by A.A.

W. A. Everitt, then warden of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary, and Charles Desrosielliers, then classification officer, and asked the local

NOR-KEL

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE)

A.A. members for their help in starting a group among alcoholics in the institution. They seized the opportunity to have Dr. Little, along with A.A. members from Saskatchewan and Alberta, address interested inmates. An A.A. group was formed and has held regular meetings behind the walls ever since.

Not too long after its formation, the group required a name. Two penitentiary officers were asked to assist in the over-all development and to act as counsellors. These two patrons, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Norfield, through great patience and unselfish effort, was instrumental in developing and securing the A.A. program for the inmates at that time when such therapy was considered as an experiment only and was starting out on a somewhat shaky ground. It came to pass, however, that it was realized that the A.A. program for recovery from alcoholism did indeed have much to offer those alcoholics in prison. Taking the 'Nor' out of Norfield, and the 'Kel' out of Kelly, the group came up with the combined words, Nor-Kel and has kept and cherished this name ever since.

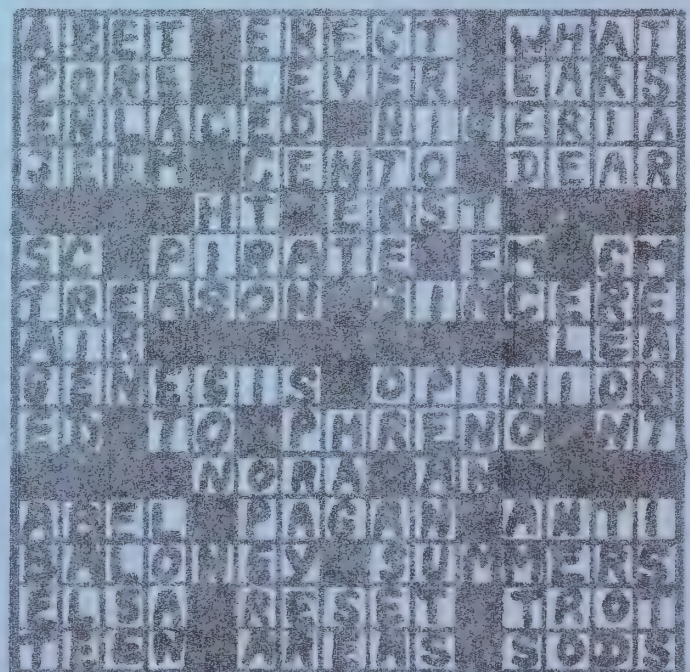
Time marched on until a new administrator was appointed, Mr. H. R. Jacobs, who was the group's advisor and counsellor. During 1964, Mr. Jacobs was instrumental in causing several reforms directly affecting the Nor-Kel membership. He saw the need for a group policy which would permit the inmate alcoholic to gain full benefit from all that the A.A. program had to offer. This policy has greatly achieved that end. Now, the final step in recovering the alcoholic through out-

side sponsorship is a reality. The group, as with Mr. Jacobs, feel that the success of this last recovery phase depends largely upon the recovered A.A. member who can help us outside.

In November of 1973 Mr. Jacobs retired after 35 years in the Penitentiary Service. Mr. Jacobs' greatest concern at the time of his retirement was that he had to find a replacement as administrator of Nor-Kel. Finally a new administrator was found in that of Mr. Don Kynoch. Though Don is not an alcoholic and not a member of A.A. he is quite familiar with alcoholism. Don is a good administrator and has the confidence of the membership. We sincerely hope that Don will remain as Nor-Kel administrator for many years.

WATCH FOR THE NEXT
ISSUE ABOUT STAGE ONE.
INTRODUCTION.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE
ON PAGE 30



JULY 11 & 12

INDIAN DAYS

by peter kahan

The gathering of these two days were sponsored by the Native Brotherhood of Saskatchewan Penitentiary. Like all other functions, the gathering was focused directly on the spiritual and traditional aspects of Indian Life. For this special occasion, some forty guests were invited to take part. Along with the spiritual events there was a socialization program which allowed inmates to have informal contact with the outside guests.

The invited guests included prominent spiritual leader, members of various organizations and others from the surrounding community. The actual number of guests reached a high fifteen outside guests, which was a dragistic let-down for the Brotherhood.

The Native Brotherhood extends its appreciation to the Native Women of Saskatchewan, the Editor and Assistant Editor of 'New Breed' from Regina, Saskatchewan, a Reporter from Alberta Newspaper, the Native people, and others who supported the occasion.

Due to unforeseen happenings, on the Sweetgrass Reserve, the spiritual leader was unable to attend, and of course there were others who did not even bother to acknowledge their invitations - again a let-down. One has to be in these situations within the wall to really appreciate what it means to have your own people providing moral supports.

The Pow-wow commenced with the most famous Peter Makokis troupe, a delight for those who

attended. The Pow-wow songs achieved the reflection of Native Struggle, and indication of spiritual feelings.

Socialization, the Whoopie-time, was conducted with great wit and laughter. The talent contest witnessed singers with a mouthful of snuff toying separately to hum a song to the winners who charmed the laddies with hours of masterful performance - the winner was Stewart Stonechild.

From the traditional side, there was a fabulous display of arts and crafts - some of which was for sale. At a glance, the prices seemed high, but the enduring patients to produce those articles gives one a fair relic of their appreciation.

Another point needs most worthy mention and the construction of 'The Spiritual Lodge' - first ever inside a penitentiary for the purpose of praying and spiritual rejuvenation.

In conclusion, a sincere gratitude to the administration for their cooperation, and those outside guests who participated in the program.

to my fellow inmates who are interested in being a true believer

from my point of view

By Lil Pastion

I wanted to write about what I've learned from studying and observing the outside or rather the society. I suggested to any native organization out there how they should go step by step approach and go straight to the heart of the problems. From my ideas of revolutionary solution to ensure the prosperity of the new native recognition and aim to achieve desired goals and self-determination.

Revolution are made by men who think as men of action and act as men of thought these are the only people who make revolution and societies are not revolutionary; people are.

Revolution is based on scientific knowledge and it is based on a proper and correct analysis of the forces which make history.

Revolution is based on a complete understanding not of what we would like it to be but what it really is. So therefore the job of the revolutionary is to use all the positive forces to move to his desired end. Understanding that we see that the legal apparatus plays an important role in the revolutionary

struggle. He must do whatever one can do to make it viable for one to continue the struggle.

Many people talk about revolution but do not really discuss change, if we can say anything about life and be absolutely correct it is permanent and constant.

Change comes about through a constant dialectical process as opposite forces come in constant with one another and create conflict. It is that way with all things in life even with man himself, man is made up of

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opposite forces. So, once we begin to understand this we see that the job of a revolution-ary is to analyze the forces an issue to find the positive forces collect the positives and wage war against the negatives.

If they want to talk seriously about the native struggle they must understand the values they are attacking and they must understand the land for which they must fight, then maybe they will be able to work their way towards liberation or for what they are seeking to succeed.

European imperialism has affected many people it has spread the black people all over the world and it has built itself on the wealth and labour of the black people. And it has decimated the native people, anybody who thinks seriously

about working on behalf of the Native people he must deal with the truth.

The land on which we live on which we inhabit which we exploit - the land belongs to the native people, and we must come first in any dealings with the land.

So, therefore the job of the American Indian Movement (AIM) they must struggle for the land and it can only be for the land because it is from land you get everything. So far they aren't getting nowhere because they are only fighting for all native people but in order to win the struggle they must fight side by side with the black people along with the poor whites and from my point it's still possible for them to work towards nationalism and built socialism in this country.

I wish more power to them. I remain brother to all.

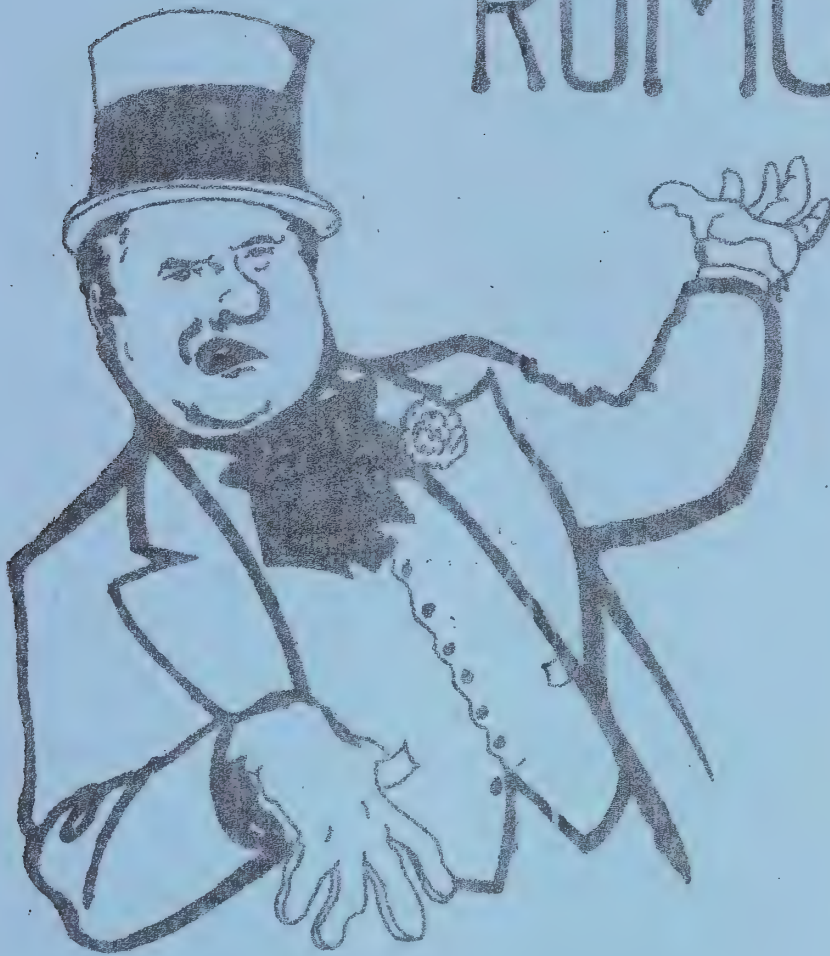
What outsider could fully understand:

Don't get downhearted, young fellow,
Because you don't get the mail:
The girls soon forget you are living,
They can't use a daddy in jail...
Oh! They'll cry
and they'll say they love you,
And swear they'll be true to the end;
But the girl that don't bolt
When you're doing a jolt
Is one in a million my friend.

Anon

RACEY

RUMORMONGER



Racey is off and running (sic.....pun). Rumor has it that John W. was one afternoon visited by a tooth fairy. I've my doubts...most suspicious indeed. The fairy left twelve bails...even more suspicious.

and everyone heard that pat noon has won re-election with brilliant proposals and whathaveyous of introducing new hobbies into the institution to relieve the monotony of leather work. First hand experience Pat states in fact and hard to refute a man so well informed. Keep on with the new hobby Pat. It's looking good

Rumor has it that the Motor springs in a couple of monthes....may well be truth....but sure tis stanger than friction.

RUMORMONGER

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David the Crazy again handily won re-election. Through repetition sputtered on the platform. mf mf mf I'm told has significance and profound meaning but also requires an interpretation. Most people stand on a platform for election. Not so with David. Interesting how its oft rumored, even from the mouth of the crazy that the only reason Crazy is making it better in the penthouse suite is that shortly front seg will be full and there will be only the presidential suite left to stash in when your accounts get in arrears...no pun ...at least one despterley hopes.

Definately not true is the verdict reached on the recent rumor that honest squirrel did not run for re-election because graft was getting so thin with everyone one watching so close. In an interview with the Squirrel: "That is assuredly a vicious rumor. Graft was not the reason for quitting. I've always done fine! Tis the fact that I soon go before the Parole Board". We are to assume that no doubt there is a small play towards pacating the administration (alias suckholing) rather than the declared "well I have too many other things on my mind"

Daffy definition: Gearbox; noun, secular, greek and roman origin, 1) manual shift for streamlined sporty vehicle 2) shuckssss, you wouldn'th beliiieveth any wayth.

Did you know? John-John rhymes with pom-pom.....

Crime prevention lecture to be held by Tom S, alias the Senator and Tom G, alas. In back of the Ritz Hotel. All welcome, bring wallets and other valuables.

A questionnaire was not long ago circulated about the two week recess. Question: "What was missing from the two week holiday?" Answer: "Twenty-five cases of coke"

Truth of friction? Segregation has sauna baths. I an Curious, Yellow.

A sweet lullaby from P.N. to C.F. or someone like that:

Hush little baby don't say a word
Daddy will buy you a Thunderbird
And if that isn't your type of car,
Well daddy will buy you a jaguaur.
And if the jaguar offends.....
Well daddy'll get you a Mercedes-Benz.
And if the Mercedes just won't do?
Daddy will buy you a Farrari toooooo.
And if the Farrari isn't your choice
Then daddy'll buy you a new Rolls Royce
And if the Rolls won't do we'd better have a talk
Cause after that you can damn well walk!

WRITE IT OUT

By MAX BRAITHWAITE

Anyone who says that the pen is mightier than the sword has just never been jabbed in the belly by a sword.

Just the same, the pen, or the typewriter, is an instrument of considerable potency. It was, for instance, the typewriters of a couple of young reporters on the Washington Post that started the streamroller that finally crushed that super-crook in president's clothing, Richard Nixon.

But while the value of the typewriter as a public weapon is well-known, I'd like to discuss another use that I have found for it. And that is writing out one's frustrations, disgust, rage, sorrow and other assorted evils that infect the capillaries of the brain.

A writer has at hand the most potent therapy of all. If he can make copy..sometimes humorous copy..out of the bad things that happen to him, he can save his sanity, and incidentally make a little money.

When I was young and full of beans I found myself confined in a rotten situation among unfriendly people with bad food, terribly hard work, no companionship, little hope and no escape.

The anger generated by this situation remained with me for years. To some extent it poisoned my soul. Then one day when I had some time and money ahead I decided I would write angry book about this awful experience and blast those conditions and those people to hell.

The first chapter was like that. But gradually as I wrote, the story took on an entirely different aspect. I began to see it not as a means of getting even or exposing a great wrong, but as demand good material for a wistful-funny story. Then I got out of myself and became a writer, which means I became inventive and creative and careful of my craftsmanship. The result was a book I'm still proud of called Why Shoot The Teacher. The same thing has happened to me many times since.

Now I'm not damned fool enough to assume that my situation was anything like as rotten as being in the Pen. But the same principle might work. When you can get out of yourself enough to view your situation objectively you are a writer. And a writer can handle just about anything.

I will just add that I think the first issue of OFF THE WALL is terrific. This isn't bullshit. I read the best magazines available and this one stacks up well with them. A magazine such as this is, in my opinion, the most important single benefit the Pen can have. Keep it going. Write in it. Read it. Improve it. Do everything you can to keep it alive. (And please send me a copy now and then. Ron has my address.)

Good luck.

RECOGNITION

By James Greenlaw

I know that it will come as a surprise to most people inside the system and out that an inmate is worth over \$26,000 a year.

To quote from the "Blue Book" (the budget costs of various departments of government) for the current year is \$230,000,000 Penitentiary staff: Headquarters 620; In penitentiaries 7000; Inmates 8800. Comparison with 1960. Budget \$19 million to \$20 million. Breakdown: Headquarters staff 50; in penitentiaries 3000; Inmates 6000.

It will be seen that once certain people recognized the potential bonanza in the treatment of social offenders, they were able to increase costs by 1100% and increase the population by 2800 people scattered into 49 institutions.

It would be fair to ask "How did they achieve this remarkable growth" the answers are a combination of the following:

1. Revisions in the Penitentiary Act. April 1st, 1962 and August 1970.

2. The introduction into the

who convinced the judiciary to award much longer sentences so that these people could work their 'magic'.

3. The National Parole Board which is in a constant state of confusion stemming from their constantly shifting priorities. They are guided by whatever political wind is currently blowing.

4. The empire builders of the Penitentiary Service itself. Upward mobility can only be maintained by all institutions at or near their full capacity.

If you are one of those sharing in the Bonanza you will fight to maintain the status quo.

One final comparison: A Brigadier General in the Canadian Army starts at 25,500 a year. A new entry into the penal system costs \$26,136 a year.



The image features a light pink background with dark silhouettes of trees on the left and right sides, framing the central text. The text is arranged in a bold, sans-serif font.

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BOOK IS
FREE!**

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ARE NOT

CENTRE OF SCIENCE

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REVERSE
THIS SITUATION**